

Carry Your Lunch to Work; Saves Money and Tips; Another Blow at H. C. of L.

Make Lunch Box Luncheons the Fashion—Eat Out-of-Doors Whenever It Is Possible.
By Marguerite Dean.

LET the lunch box come in with the overall! A few of the blue-denimed pioneers have offered this latest suggestion for beating the profiteers, and it is an excellent one. For no man or woman to-day can buy an appetizing, nutritious and CHEAP lunch in the City of New York.

Ever since 1914 the prices of food have been advancing steadily, both in the expensive and the inexpensive (at least they were ONCE) lunch rooms. The coming of Prohibition



The outdoor homemade lunch. No waiters' tips, slow service or uncooked food. Pretty nice, eh?

drove the last nail in the coffin of good, cheap food. Downtown Mouquin's and many another favorite resort for the noon meal have been swept aside by the progress of inflation. In those few restaurants which remain a man now pays \$2 for the sort of meal he used to buy for \$1.

In the so-called popular price places food has gone up at least 100 per cent. Portions are smaller and the nickel is practically useless as a coin of barter. The stenographer and the office boy are just as much exploited by the lunch room profiteers as are their employers in their more luxurious cafes.

Then why shouldn't we go back to the good old custom of carrying our lunch from home in a neat box or even a paper bag? Some wise young women downtown do it now; in certain big business buildings, such as that of the New York Telephone Company, there is furnished hot tea and coffee to accompany the "basket picnic" of the employees. As the days grow warmer other young women will be seen in sociable twos and threes on the benches of the open churchyards at Rector Street and Broadway, eating their sandwiches from paper boxes and breathing the soft, sunlit air.

For those further downtown, Battery Park is a charming place in

lunch-box luncheons. In cold weather nobody wants to eat outdoors, and most persons feel the need of some sort of hot food in the middle of the day. But from now till autumn sandwiches, homemade cake and fruit are an ideal meal at noon.

The lunch box not only saves money, including tips—even the patron of the chain lunch rooms feels that his or her self-respect requires the bestowal of a dime or nickel tip! The lunch box saves time—how much time will be realized only by the business man or woman who has waited wearily from half to three-quarters of an hour in order to obtain grudging and inaccurate service in a restaurant during the noon rush.

Why shouldn't Wall Street start the fashion of eating luncheon out of lunch boxes—with plenty of "lamin" sandwiches, of course! Why shouldn't J. P. Morgan or E. H. Gary each come downtown with his little lunch box under his arm? It would be a lesson in thrift which would set the city talking.

And if Hixsoner would only bring HIS lunch from Bushwick Avenue the proposed fashion would become a rage—all the eating places would either go out of business or cut down their prices.

Let's wait after those fellows while we're gunning for the clothes profiteers. The lunch box was good enough for the boys and girls who went to the little red school house. Then isn't it good enough for YOU?

Maxims of a Modern Maid By Marguerite Moore Marshall

OF course, a widow MAY be a victim, but more often, she makes one. Misery loves company, and it is the unhappily married who yearn to marry off others. The happy couple keep their fingers crossed and know that miracles happen only once.

Often a woman gives but half an ear to her husband's conversation because she is so busy thinking about the things he doesn't tell her. And now Kansas City joins Philadelphia in putting the lid on the sub-plot. Pretty soon the poor child will have no personal liberty at all.

"My women friends never believed me when I declined dove parties because I was lunching with my husband," said a devoted wife. "So now I tell them I'm lunching with some one else's husband—and they quite understand!"

French bachelors must pay a 10 per cent. tax, but they probably figure it's worth it.

GOING DOWN

DEAR Everybody: Most of the wear and tear of this world comes from waste.

When you are tired you have been wasting either your time or your energy.

When you are broke you have been wasting your generosity or your time, for time is money.

To-day in manufacturing just as much attention is paid to waste as to production and so it should be with you and your daily affairs.

It is all well enough to spend your time in useful amusement and it is all right to be generous. However, a man who seemingly gets praise for "sharing the shirt on his back"

All the Presidential candidates are wooing the vote of Woman—but she is going to use her leap year right to pick for herself.

Who says Prohibition doesn't prohibit—for every one unable or unwilling to pay a dollar for a highball?

A man tells his wife to make money; a woman tells him to take it away from him!

There is no use being in a hurry to forgive an enemy; one can always do that when one can't do anything else to him.

The fat man takes his cue from Robert Browning, who wrote: "And I choose never to stoop."

may be a public charge in the poor-house before he leaves this world.

If there is something wrong with you to-day—find out where there has been waste. Then stop it.

Yours truly,
ALPHEA SMITH.

Poor Little Income! By Maurice Ketten



A Plea for the Horse By Sophie Irene Loch

A READER writes me as follows: "To-day I saw a poor horse break his leg and wait very patiently, oh, so patiently, an hour and a half for his owner to come and have him shot."

"A man, one of at least a hundred, a negro, patted and stood with him most of the time, so I remarked to a woman near me how beautiful this kindness to the poor suffering animal was when she turned in amazement and said:

"Why, do they suffer? I thought they had no feelings!"

"My tears were beginning to fall, so I could not answer her. But would you in your own way write a few lines making it plain that the dumb animal does suffer?"

Is there truly a person with feeling so dead that he does not know or care about the pain of a speechless creature?

There is something to be said about the heartless woman who stood by in morbid curiosity, and in the belief that the horse with the broken leg felt no pain.

There is something also to be said in approval of the negro who gave comfort to the miserable animal until his suffering was ended.

That man doubtless went home, and before he went to bed he reflected on his activities of the day, and I know that nothing gave him as much satisfaction as the thought that man had come to him that he stopped on the highway, and spent a little of his time, to give a sign of solace and sympathy in the only way that a dumb animal can understand.

Be he negro or white man, this is the spirit upon which the future of humanity must be built, if it would remain strong.

It is easy enough to do something for one's self, or perform a task that is bound to bring a return. But to sacrifice something of one's self, and to take the trouble as a passer-by to comfort a creature in the hour of misery—that truly, no greater love has man than this.

So many times in these columns, in answer to hundreds of communications, I have urged the need in defense of the dumb animal. The city has had plenty at last for them, especially the horse.

In the winter, the whippy, excruciating, especially in the congested traffic, are an everlasting source of

THE EVENING WORLD QUIJA EDITOR ASKS

What will be the next crusade after the "Reformers" have wiped out the white lights, the curse of the red tipped cigarette, and the blue mornings after?

TRY THIS ON YOUR QUIJA

Some of the answers to recent questions:

James J. McK. Milford, Mass.—My quija said: "The profiteers won't need gas for their autos if people go back to wearing overalls. The profiteers will all starve to death, and be too busy shoveling coal to need autos anyway."

Thomas B. M. Union Hill—Overalls is right! It's the only way of putting something over all the profiteers!

"I wonder if we will go any where this summer?" remarked Mr. Jarr. "No, I don't mean the poor house," he added. "Everything is so dear that one can get in debt just as well at a summer resort as staying home."

"I hear the milkmen get fifty-five dollars a week," said Mrs. Jarr. "I suppose the milkmen will all go to summer resorts this year, and if they do I hope they'll find the milk watered!"

"We don't need to go anywhere this summer, if that's what you mean," said Mr. Jarr. "As for meeting the milkman, I used to meet him often, a year or so ago."

And then Mr. Jarr became strangely silent. When he used to meet the milkman was at a time when there was alcoholic drink and all sorts of wickedness. But now everybody is reformed by law and leading a good life, if not a better one.

"No, the kind of young men one meets these days at resorts are not the kind that make good husbands," said Mrs. Jarr, after a moment's reflection. "Of course, as I have no daughter of marriageable age—"

"What have daughters of a marriageable age got to do with it?" asked Mr. Jarr, thinking this a safer topic than milkmen past or present.

"Well, young men that have vacations these days are generally engaged and go to the summer resorts where their fiancées are stopping, or else they go with a bunch of other young men camping out in Canada or somewhere, and the camping out young men seldom makes a good husband."

"I don't see how that is," ventured Mr. Jarr.

"You'd see how it was if our little Emma was old enough to be engaged," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I'd no more take her to a summer resort near where there were camping out parties of young men than I would think of taking her near where there was an aviation field."

"For impressionable young girls can never tell whether a young man who is camping out is a desirable party or not. The clothes campers out wear are shoddy, and as for a report near an aviation field, there all the young girls fall desperately in love with the aviators, and aviators generally fall and get killed, and their

Those Fluttering Flappers The Demi-Dame Who Is Too Young to Marry and Too Old to Believe in Santa.

By Neal R. O'Hara.

SOMETHING they didn't have in the hoop skirt era was the flapper who you see to-day. Up to the time Taft slipped from President to professor and Wilson went vice versa, the flapper was practically unknown. But in the last seven or eight years she's been busting into more prominence than a red nose and more trouble than a Red agitator.

All the world's a stage to-day, and they can keep track of the plot and all that happens behind the six doors.

On a bathroom floor the flapper is neither handicapped nor shoulder-bound. She has more steps than the State Capitol and more stamina than an army mule. From tiara to toes, she's Terpsichore. She merrily men and horses and literature and bridge. And she knows New York from the Aquarium at the Battery to the Zoo in the Bronx. She may



WE ASK YOU—WHICH WOULD YOU PREFER?

the flapper is its ingenue. She is the demi-dame that's too young to be married and to old to believe in Santa Claus, hair ribbons and Louisa May Alcott. She runs from sixteen to twinkling twenty, but that's all she does run from.

Flappers are born, not made up, but it doesn't take 'em long to hit the red paint stride. Most of 'em graduate from low heels to high heels and high necks to low ones before they graduate from high school.

They get double meanings a long time before they get double chins, but they still get by with their baby faces. There's as much difference between a flapper and a vamp as there is between an Easter egg and a hard-boiled one.

But don't overlook the fact that to-day's Easter egg can be to-morrow's breakfast with only a little alteration.

Twenty years ago the flappers thought fairy tales were Big Stuff. Cinderella stood out as the last word in literature, and Jack and the Beanstalk was packed with thrills. To-day the juvenile smart set has different ideas. Little Red Riding Hood is little read, but Elinor Glyn hits on all eight cylinders. To-day the flappers pass up the circus to take in the latest bedroom farces.

be rusty on ham and eggs, but she does know life and the nine shades it's colored in.

Flapperism is still young, but no more so than the flappers. It has spread like the flu and it's awful catching. A gal in a gingham dress has only to grab off a lavalliere, a low-neck gown and a lipstick, and right away she's a fluttering flapper.

Peary never discovered anything colder than a chiffon frock, but the flappers like 'em just the same. Eve was created too old to be a flapper, but she had flap ideas about clothes and pneumonia.

The flapper at eighteen is practically harmless, but she's got a large future looming before her. With all her girlish curves, she grows up to be an angle in some eternal triangle. The dames that get too much attention on the blushing side of twenty very often get too little alimony on the wrinkled side of thirty. However, eternal triangles are spicier for a boarding school Beatrice to think about than plane geometry.

But what happens after flapperhood can't scare a dame that's studied Robert W. Chambers. A Jane that isn't a flapper before she's a bride isn't ever a bride! Flap and the world flaps with you, flap and take in the latest bedroom farces, you flap alone.

The Mayor of Delhi By Bide Dudley

MAYOR OF DELHI, PERKINS WALKER has prohibited the wearing of overalls by women in Delhi, whether they don them to cut the high cost of living or for other reasons. He has taken his stand as the result of an incident that occurred in Huger Hall Friday night when a meeting had been called by the Good Citizens' Club to discuss the lowering of prices. Incidentally, the Mayor reversed himself on the overall question, but he did it after he scented a scheme on the part of the Anti-Walker Democrats to injure him in his race for re-election.

Mayor Walker was called on to speak soon after the Chairman rapped for order.

"I am glad to have this opportunity to condemn the high cost of everything," he began. "Clothing is away too high. I'd suggest that everybody wear overalls until the cost of clothes comes down."

"How about the women?" asked a man in the rear of the hall.

"Let them wear overalls, too," said the Mayor. "I think they would look fine in such garb."

"Open the doors, boys," sang out the man.

The doors at the side of the room were thrown open and in marched twenty women, all wearing overalls. At the head of the procession was Mrs. Walker, the Mayor's wife, who is very fat. As she waddled up the main aisle the men all laughed. Mayor Walker was shocked.

"Lizzie!" he said sternly, "so home and change your clothes!"

Mrs. Walker grinned and led the women about the room while the men laughed loudly. When the ladies reached the doors they went out and the Mayor mopped his brow.

"It's an outrage," he said.

"Why—because she's fat?" asked the man in the rear.

"Because she's fat," said the man.

"Right here!" came from the office. "Arrest that man!"

The man proved to be Ned Daggett, an Anti-Walker Democrat. Constable Brown flew at him and held him down in which the latter uttered a shocked groan four times. He was ejected in snatching his man, however, by promising him ten cigar coupons. As the man dragged Brown out the

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